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Iris Morley, Novelist, Upholds Equality of Husbands, Wives in Earning Living

Ultra-modern kitchenettes with shiny new gadgets leave 26-year-old Mrs. Alaric Jacobs cold, but lead the same slim blond girl, better known by her maiden name of Iris Morley, English author of the robust novel, "The Proud Paladin," to that awe-inspiring circular reference room in the British Museum and she becomes an efficient assembler and duster-off of historical facts.

"A woman, like a man, should do whatever she is best at," Miss Morley said. "I don't think that women who have no talent for housework should be forced into it. It is better to do something you really want to do."

Miss Morley really wants to write, and in doing so she returns to an old love, but twice in her life she was nearly sidetracked. First she was stage struck, and then she married.

Appeared in Films.

"I studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London and then I played in some English films," she said. "The critics were kind, and I was serious in wanting to make the stage my life work. Unfortunately, I discovered that I just wasn't a good actress. Why, I don't know. I guess it is an act of nature which denies you a talent you would like very much to possess. The realization made me rearrange my ideas as to my future. It was certainly better to know it sooner than later. It was the same with housework. I simply wasn't any good at it."

"After I married, I didn't want to stay home and do nothing," Miss Morley continued. "I suppose a woman who is a very good cook has work to do. I, personally, was never driven to a job because of economic conditions, but I hate to feel absolutely dependent upon anyone whoever it may be, a father or a husband. Also, I feel very strongly that there should be a certain amount of equality between a husband and wife. Each should earn something even if on the wife's part it is only a small amount. I think a woman should have some life of her own, and not be wrapped up in her husband's affairs. That becomes very wearing to a man."

A Great Dumas Fan.

Iris Morley has been writing since she was 8. At 10 she was a great Dumas fan and thinks the

Your Manners

How does one place silver in setting a table for a formal dinner?—L. C.

All the forks go on the left, except the oyster fork, which is on the right. All the implements are laid so that those for the first course are farthest from the plate and those for the last course next to it.

Mail your etiquette problems to the World-Telegram Woman's Page.

French author was a powerful influence in turning her toward historical fiction. It is possible, however, that this pretty girl's antecedents are even more responsible for the roar of battle and heroic deeds that color her pages, for she is the daughter of an English colonel and the men in her family have been soldiers for 300 years. An illustrious ancestor was the man who perhaps more than any other was responsible for the English loss of the American Colonies, the Earl of Rochford, Secretary of Foreign Affairs in 1768, who refused to listen to the demands of the colonists for repeal of the hated new taxes.

Miss Morley writes with a pen, but unlike Lord Dunsany, who uses a quill, hers is an ordinary affair. Five hours a day until 90,000 words are completed, and then the whole rewritten by hand.

"I write on my knee and balance the ink on the arm of the chair," she said. "Typing takes too long. I thought of taking lessons but was told it would require eight months to master the machine, and as I wrote the book in nine I didn't think it worth while."

Plot Comes Easiest.

"You never can write down what

you think," she said, regretfully. "The finished pages are always a disappointment. The plot of the story comes easiest to me. Expressing it in words is the hardest. My husband, who is a journalist with Reuters, says I would be a bad journalist as I never notice things. I am very vague. I do want to write good books, however, but I am emphatically not ambitious to become a celebrity. It's a great pity to be a celebrity. If you do good work that should be satisfaction enough."

London has become so Americanized that Miss Morley claims her eighteen months in this country have not been spent very differently from when she is home.

"You have various kinds of food that we don't get in England, and as I am fond of food I enjoy the new dishes," she remarked. "Honeydew melon, for instance, is worth crossing the Atlantic for, and your clams are a treat to us."

If Mr. Jacobs enjoys American clam chowder it won't be cooked by his wife, for Miss Morley is busy collecting material for an historical novel about the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, and can be found among musty files rather than standing over the cook stove.